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LETTER

FROM A

Citizen of BATH,

TO

Dr. R. at TUNBRIDGE

The Second Edition improv'd, and Corrected.

Great Sir;

WE are inform'd by common Fame, and certain Evidences from your own Mouth, when Sober, that you are a profest Enemy to our Bath-Waters, that you vilify them, as good for little or nothing. I assure you, we were with difficulty prevail'd on to believe, that a Man of your Honour cou'd so soon forget the almost miraculous Advantage you receiv'd from them in your own Case, which in all human Judgment had been deplorable, but for those Balsamick Fountains God has blest this Place with. Besides, it was hard for us to conceive, that you, who so lately took a Freeman's Oath in this Town, to do it all the good Offices should at any time lie in

your power, could upon a trifling Pique and Caprice, become so bitter an Enemy to a Society, of which you were so honourably receiv'd a Member. We have examin'd our selves with all the Severity we could, what Indecencies or Indignities we had offer'd you, but cannot charge our selves with any Omissions in point of respect to you on all occasions. If you expected a more profound Veneration than was shewn you here 'twas our ignorance; and so far we are excusable, that we did not know, what Respect and Adoration was due to so great a Faculty in Physick, and the mighty Power of an Oath, are below their true consideration, whose figure in the minds of men renders them too great for so

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Thoughts. Philosophers tell us, that there are some evil Eyes that can dart forth malignant Steams, that are very pernicious where they fall.

Now if the Eyes can emit such poysonous Particles, as can produce such dismal Effects at some distance; who can determine how far the Atmosphere of a malicious Tongue may reach and convey its dire Effects? This Consideration made me curious to enquire what Learned Arguments you had form'd against our hot Waters; not doubting but so great a Philosopher, so searching a Genius, and so profound and penetrating a Judgment had made some further Discoveries of the Nature of the Bath Waters, than any of our Authors. Either that they are too hot, or too cold; that they abound with too much Acid, or too much Alcaly; or that they have in them some mischievous Particles unknown to others, that are injurious to our Constitutions.

But after a long search after your Reasons, I find nothing but Humour and Caprice at the bottom; and that you have no other meaning in what you say, than only gratifying a revengeful Mind.

For you say,

1st. That you will put a Toad in our Waters.

2^{dly}, That you spoil the Trade of the Bath Waters; by G — you will.

3^{dly}, That you will bring our Lodgings to half a Crown a Week.

Enter Almanfor solus.

I. D. R. by virtue of an Imperial Authority, and Uncontroulable Power I have assumed over the feeble Bodies and weaker Heads of my most obedient Patients, do command every one of them, as they will a-

void my Displeasure, not to drink any Bath-Waters; for I say they are Poysons and not Medicines: And I do further declare, I will ruin the pernicious Trade of drinking the Bath-Waters, maugre all the Opinions and Judgments of all other Physicians, and the Experiences of all Persons whatsoever; and this I will perform by G—d. When I have done this, their Lodgings will come to little.

Quid dignum tanto feret hic Promissor biatu? Horat.

These, Sir, I hear are the Learned Arguments, with which you the great Mountebank of our Age, from the Battery of your Stages, bombard us on all occasions, and have vanity enough to think, you shall in time effect our Ruin.

Such sort of Language, as this might have pass'd among Bullies and Bravos, would have been gracefully spoken in the great Auditory at Billingsgate, where vulgar Wit and ill natur'd Satyr, your two most familiar Spirits, ravish that learned and grave Audience. But let me tell you, you favour so little of a Scholar, Philosopher, or Gentleman, that one would hardly be persuaded to believe him to be either, that can please himself with such rude Expressions.

These are the Charms by which, like the German Piper of old, you have wheedled some out of Town, and prevail'd with them to leave us, for the more powerful Waters of Tunbridge. But this is our Satisfaction, the intrinsic Virtue of our Waters is so well known, that 'tis not in your Power to hurt us long.

Besides, Sir, we know you are as fickle as any coy Virgin; can cry up one thing to day, and to morrow run it down. Tunbridge has been your Favourite formerly, next Bath, and now Tunbridge again; which argues you have much more Fancy than Judgment.

Advertisements. The first Year you where pleas'd to say, our *Waters* were only good for at the *Pump*; the next Year you say the *Bath-Waters* are too hot for the *Lungs*. Thus *Say* like, you blow hot and cold when you please; and we know very well, such *Inconsistencies* and *Absurdities* as these, are natural to you, and we doubt not but in a *Summer* or two, *Tunbridge* will please your *Humour* no more than *Bath* does now; if so, whither must the *Regiment* march next? To the *Baths* of *Aken* in *Germany* I am told, for the conveniency of sending our Coin (of which we have too much) out of the *Nation*. Some of your *Forlorn Hope*, 'tis said, are there now, and 'tis more than probable the rest of the *Regiment* must follow in a little time, for you can't be pleas'd any where long. Some of our *Burghers* say, they hope to see you here again for your old *Distemper*, before you die; so well acquainted they are with your *Temper* and *Constitution*.

Perhaps you will say, I am too free and bold with a Man of your great *Character* in the *World*, so worthily esteem'd by many for your profound *Judgment* in *Diseases* and your *Prognosticks*. Thus *Gadbury*, in his *Almanacks* us'd to foretel in every Month of the Year, what *Weather* we should have; if he chanc'd to guess right at any time; his *Admirers* attributed this wholly to his *Skill*, and cry'd him up for a famous *Astrologer* and *Conjurer*: when he fail'd in his *Astrological Predictions*, which was much oftner; this happen'd, they thought, from some unaccountable *Oppositions* and *Influences*, which 'twas impossible any Man should know. If I mistake not, this is exactly your Case. The *World* is very kind to you in your *Profession*; one *Cure* and a bold *Prognostick*, when it falls out right, does you more *Service* than forty *Blunders* can do hurt to your *Reputation* and *Name*. The *Praises* of the *Living* follow you, but in the *Grave* there's no *Remembrance*. Your *Cures* and *Prognosticks* are all recorded for your utmost *Advantage*, and your *Pot-Companions* make it their *Business* to proclaim 'em: So that

any *Patient* of yours dies under your hands, 'tis taken for granted, he is lost for want of *Care* and *Skill*, but from an *incurable* bad *Constitution* and *inevitable Fate*; and shon'd any body say you love *Claves* better than the best *Friends* when *languishing*, and delay visiting them one moment, or that you were mistaken in such and such a *Distemper*, it would be concluded to proceed from mere *Malice* and *Ill Nature*. But after all, how vain soever you may be in your own *Praises*, and valuing your self upon your own *Judgment* and *Understanding* above the rest of the *Faculty*, 'tis not in your *Power* to alter the *Nature* of our *Waters*. You can no more hurt us, than you can the *Q* *Baths*, which have cur'd several of your *Patients* in spite of your *Teeth*, when your *Bo* *Prognostick* told them, 'twas immediate *Death* to make one *Trial*. You are no infallible *Doctor*, whatever you think your self tho' you boast you can feel a *Stone* in the *Kidneys* by the *Pulse*, and sometime when there is none; and that you can write that there is in *Physick* in a half *Sheet* per, that is, all you know of it, as *One* told you. We are not oblig'd to believe your *Bravado's*, we know too well what value you have for *Truth*, when you are speaking in your own *Praises*. You may remember how you made your *Brag*s one day here among the *Ladies*, that you had just then receiv'd a *Blank* from the *Q* —, to make your own *Terms*, and come to *Court*: And being ask'd, Whether you design'd not to go on so kind an *Invitation*, you swore you would not; adding these Words, But now I have it in my *Power*, I'll give the *Dogs* a *Jog* by *G* —: 'Twas spbken much like a *Genleman* and a *Courtier*; and 'tis no hard matter to guess, whom you mean by *Dogs*. 'Tis true, most *Princes* keep *Hounds* for their *Diversions* and *Health*, but I never heard of any that consulted them, when they were *Sick*. I shall not inquire whether the *Fact* be true or no, whether ever you had such a *Blank*, but have reason to believe you knew it was not, when you said it. Upon the whole, I find *Learning*, *Modesty* and *Veracity* are the three *Graces* that adorn your *Character*, and are so

indignantly Conspicuous in you, that I
 would at all to me, that you are the
 worst of the heedless part of Mankind, who
 have such an Ascendency over them, that
 you can lead Numbers where you please.
 'Tis the Weakness and Infirmary of our Na-
 ture, that we would rather be well pleased
 than well serv'd, and that we are sooner con-
 quer'd by Pride and ill Nature, than by
 downright Honesty, or a generous Humi-
 lity.

Now if these things are true, as you and
 I know they are, how can you expect to be
 treated with the common Civility due to a
 Gentleman? Had you run down our Bath-
 water upon Principles of Philosophy, or Ba-
 tis of your own, by which you could
 shew us into the Belief of any ill
 Qualities in them; or had you discover'd
 any particular Cases, where they did more
 hurt than good, you had acted like an able
 Physician and an honest Man. But your
 other manner of proceeding, is to gratify

yourself and Satisfy your own
 Vanity, against our Bath, which is the
 Assistance and Support of so many Families
 and the Preserver of your own Life too; so
 lordid and inhuman, that nobody but one
 of your late Birth and brutal Temper could
 have been guilty of it. 'Tis upon this ac-
 count I lay aside all Manners in this Epistle
 as you are my utmost Aversion, Scorn and
 Contempt, for profaning those sacred Foun-
 tains that are the special Favour of Heaven
 to our Country.

A Man of unrecorded Insolence,
 Ill-manner'd, loose, and noisy without
 Sense.
 Defaming all, in his own Praises loud,
 Vain without Skill, and without Merit
 proud.

From my Shop in BATH,
 Aug. 1. 1705.

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